

Over the years Bunky had said to me that she would want me to give her eulogy. She said that I knew her best. I am not sure I actually agreed to it, but here's my best effort.

I want to thank everyone for your calls, messages, gifts, and Facebook posts. I am not at all surprised by the amount of outpouring of love for Bunky. I honestly expected it and you all did not disappoint. Truly, thank you. It was been the heaviest of days since she passed and really difficult for us to start a new day without her.

I am going to try and share my sister with you for a bit here....Because of the bond Bunky and I have, I used to think everyone should have a sister. I didn't know some siblings weren't close. Our brother Bill is sandwiched in between us. We have always gotten along. It was normal for us.

Our childhood growing up was average middle class. Living in three different houses in Larkspur (Virginia Beach) Bunky and I shared a room in the beginning but by our second home we each had our own room. I think I was 6 at the time so she would be 11. I remember even then she would still let me sleep with her. We had this long hallway leading to the bedrooms and we could hear when daddy walked down to tell us to quiet down and stopped giggling. Sometimes making many trips down that hall way!

She took dance lessons so of course I did too. She played softball (position of catcher), so of course I did too. She rode horses so of course I did too. She started hanging out with friends so of course I thought I should too! Not. This is when I started being that bratty little sister. LoL. I started hiding under her bed and listening in on the other end of the phone so I could hear what she was up too. Yep, and sometimes repeating what I heard! She and Bill would throw me in the shower to put me in my place. She shared her high school crushes with me, she and her friends would let me ride in the car with them, even letting me go to the beach. I am sure her friends thought I shouldn't be around but not Bunky. Even early on, we were together. I remember her being crushed when she tried out for cheering and she didn't make it. But you know what she did for me? She taught me and my friends how to cheer and was our sponsor during rec league. She was at every practice and game.

She went off to college and started having her own life. I learned about life at Elon. She was so happy! She made the cheering squad. She would want you all to know that if you ever visit Elon, in the foyer of the gymnasium, there is a big black and white picture of her and the girls cheering. She joined the Best Sorority, Zeta Tau Alpha. You would think with a name like "Bunky" that would have made her well known but it was her positive energy, her FUN spirit and her fiery competitive nature that made her memorable. Side note here, everyone wants to know where she got the name Bunky. Her given name is Mary Elizabeth. She is named after our two grandmothers. Well my dad couldn't stand that name and always called her Bunky. No one knows where he got it. And also a little tidbit, she is called Mary by all her childhood friends and it wasn't until she went to college that she asked friends to call her Bunky. I guess she didn't like "Mary" either.

Anyway back to Elon. I remember her coming home on weekends and she would teach me Zeta songs. And of course she taught me that they had to be sung LOUD. Her love for Zeta lead me into the same sisterhood at Elon. I attended Elon years later and I remember calling to tell her I had met some really nice Phi Mus. She wasn't having that. I believe the story goes, she called the Zeta house directly to have them find me on campus! Her little sister was going to have what she had. I was going to be a Zeta. She was chapter President and went on after graduation to work and travel for Zeta nationally. I saw a Facebook post about her leading songs on the tabletop during a storm with the roof leaking and power going in and out! I can see my sister doing just that! Several Sisters have called her a Zeta Legend. I like that and absolutely agree.

After this time she came back to Virginia Beach to work for our family business, Womble Realty. Dad pulled her in to run the Relocation department. She also handled Training and Recruitment. It wasn't long before she had that department winning awards nationally for having most referrals. She's 23, on her own, and owns her first house. I am in my senior year of high school. My parents had separated and things weren't great at home for me. What does my 23 year old sister do? She has me live with her. She took me in and raised me for a year. Who does that? Bunky does, that's who. She cooked for me, made sure I was on time for school, and that I had everything I needed. She now took the role of sister and turned into the role of mother. Now this 23 year old mother didn't have the same

amount of rules, if you know what I mean! Looking back I hope I showed the appreciation she deserved for slowing down her life so I could have mine.

Years later she meets and marries Bill Manley. Her first son Tanner was not quite two when our father suddenly passed from a heart attack. This turned her world upside down. Bunky and dad were extremely close. Growing up Bunky would get physically ill when he went out of town! Dad's passing and handling all his affairs made the three of us even closer. Her second son is born a year later, Alex. Unfortunately during the next few years Bunky's marriage was struggling and with dad gone she was being forced out of a job she loved. She moved on to another real estate firm and divorced Bill.

She was a single mom, working full time and totally supporting the three of them. At this time she felt using her education degree would best suit her family life. She wanted summers off and to be more on the boys' schedule. Her house was the house where friends played. She had pool parties, cook outs, the kids played ball in the driveway or back yard, swam in the pool etc. Many people ate lots of meals at Bunky's house. Bunky has been a great friend to Tanner and Alex's friends. They all love Bunky. She traveled with Tanner and Alex watching their sports. She's a great mom!

Bunky is now a third grade teacher at Linkhorn Park Elementary. It's not long before she's putting the "Bunky Enthusiasm" into the classroom. She's been honored as Teacher of the Year, served as SCA Teacher Rep and Grade Level Chair for many years. She spearheaded the development of the Math and Science Academy. Teaching young kids and molding young minds through this Academy was one of her true passions. She's in the Talent Shows, she plays in the Teacher Softball games, she's at many after school activities, she attends her students' birthday parties and sporting events. I really mean it when I tell you, she loved the kids and being their teacher. And because parents knew this, they loved her! It was always extra time in a store with her because she would see a parent or student that wanted to hug and catch up with her. Mrs. Manley, Mrs Manley!

Bunky was my Maid of Honor, present at all three births of my children (and Bill's children). She and I slept in the car, catching a nap, waiting for my grandson Grayson to be born. She traveled on a lot of our family vacations with us. She and

I would love to play this song game we made up. We couldn't sing but loved to. And dance, we loved to dance! My boys (men) are blessed with huge amounts of memories of their BaBa. She called herself "The World Famous BaBa" and I think she got that right.

Two years back, Bunky took on the selfless act of moving in with our mom to help out, to be company for her, and be extra ears and eyes on mom. What you may not know is that our mom lives across the street from me. Bunky and I always saw each other a lot but the last two years we saw each other practically every day. I LOVED her moving across the street. Fortunately my husband loves Bunky too! Honestly everyone loves Bunky. We are fortunate too that we shared our friends with each other. Many I have spoken to, so many of you reached out to me, thank you. Her friends are very important to me right now.

My sister is my BESTEST friend. There is not a single thing I didn't share with her or her with me. We called ourselves "The Sisters". We had plans of buying a duplex so we could live next to each other in old age. And we had a stupid name for each other, " Dalin". It's Darling said with a very southern accent. She was Dalin and I was Dalin. We had so much fun together and we were fun together. And laugh. That was something we did a lot of. Just two weeks ago I was over visiting with her and mom. Bunky was sitting in her night gown and the sun was hitting her legs just right. She hadn't shaved her legs in a while. I told her I really liked her fuzzy leggings. We couldn't catch our breath for laughing so hard at that. I want to hold that memory and laugh like that again some day.

Bunky and I spent a lot of time together during this past year especially. We watched a lot of TV, drank a lot of wine and walked and talked. I am in the deepest, darkest hole since losing her. We all are. I want you all to know that Bill and I were with Bunky in the end. We really don't know exactly the cause. Stroke, heart attack, flu? I will tell you she didn't feel well the week before. Bill called me around 5am and I ran over. Up until this time she said she was feeling better. This has shocked us!! She was able to understand me and communicate. It was difficult to understand her words as her speech was "thick tongued". I took her temperature and blood pressure. Her blood pressure was VERY high and we called

911. She stopped breathing before rescue arrived but I was able to revive her by the time they got there. She was breathing (shallow breaths) when they took her to the ambulance but her heart stopped on arrival.

I told Bunky many, many times that she would have a golden ticket waiting for her in Heaven. I have no doubt our dad is waving it at her now. She never said “no” to anything asked of her! She did so much for others and was happy to do so.

We made a difficult decision to not have a service for her at this time. Believe it or not we could have had 150 people in a chapel but we weren't comfortable with that due to COVID. Please share this website with friends. We want to connect with you and hear from you. It's been horrible being here alone without her friends and I am sure it's been horrible for you as well

Remember Bunky smiling, singing, dancing, and cheering. Remember her passions, her fun spirit and her positive energy. Remember her caring and helpful ways. Remember her deep love and support for her family, friends and students. Please remember Bunky and pass it on.